

I found this article not only humorous, in a painful PTSD sorta way, but an extremely accurate depiction of the current day American females hateful attitude towards all things man, followed by actual passive aggressive actions showcasing their malevolence and highlighting their deceitful, unnatural and vile current condition towards man.

My advice, take it or leave it, at the first signs of any of this behavior, DUMP HER, dump her fast and don't look back. Do not let the tears in her eyes fool you, again. However, if you are set on being in a relationship (of ANY kind) with a female, I sadly now suggest you "order out," that is to say the "American cuisine" is poisoned and toxic with zero nutritional value left, it will leave you bloated, starving and sick if you attempt to consort with it. When it comes to girls, Made in the ... ANYWHERE BUT THE USA, is your safest bet.

( Disclaimer: I realize there are some very nice, desirable, loving, sweet, kind, etc. American girls out there who want nothing more than a happy and lasting relationship with a decent man, HOWEVER, you are the EXCEPTION not the rule in the USA, so don't be mad at me, be mad at the biotches making men recoil from you like a barrel of toxic waste. It is their piss-poor attitude destroying your chances at happiness not the men.)

-Frank

---

# How To Push a Man Away Permanently...A Love Guide

By [Paul Barrett](#)

Mastering the art of emotional distance is easier than it seems. Imagine that emotional intimacy is a high-speed Internet connection. Now, imagine that you're still using a dial-up network. Every time an opportunity arises to connect on a deeper level, buffer slowly. This ensures that any attempt to make a complete connection will be met with the enthusiasm of a teenager who has been asked to clean his room.

When he tells you how he feels, respond with the emotional equivalent of a shrug. If he seeks sympathy, casually offer indifference. This is similar to emotional dodgeball – he throws feelings, and you skillfully dodge them.

If you want to create a comfy atmosphere that is as welcoming as a cactus bed, then withholding respect is your primary strategy. Treat his opinions, hobbies, and aspirations with the same respect you would treat a telemarketer's call during lunch when he's talking. Master the art of looking past his shoulder — as if you've noticed something more interesting in the distance like paint drying or grass growing.

And when he's engrossed in something? That's a signal to brush him off with the indifference of someone flipping through the channels of a television.

Once you master that disrespect, you won't just push him away. You'll give him a one-way ticket on a high-speed train to Distantown, with no stops in between.

Expressing a natural dislike for your man is like deciding to wear sunglasses indoors: unnecessary and a little incomprehensible for everyone involved. Take care to create an atmosphere of mild irritation mixed with the enthusiasm of a man waiting in a long line at the post office. When he talks about his day, listen to him with as much deference as you would listen to a lecture on the history of paint drying.

In essence, he acts like it's a song put on repeat, and you can't find the remote — mildly annoying and infinitely inevitable. Through this honed lens of universal disdain, you'll get to the point where he feels as welcome as a fly at a picnic.

Start treating his actions and choices like a critic at a movie premiere, ready to pounce on him at the slightest misstep. Every little thing, from the way he brushes his teeth to the way he ties his shoelaces, is a new opportunity for your keen eye to find something.... wrong.

Think of his quirks and habits as an array of flaws just waiting to be pointed out. When he cooks, comment on his slicing technique or unconventional use of spices. If he drives, be sure to mention every missed turn and questionable lane change.

When he tries to dress, gently remind him that his fashion sense is only a few steps behind the clown's closet. If he tries to cook a meal, let him know that his culinary skills can give a fast food joint a run for its money, and not for the better.

His choice of words, his gait, and even his breathing can all be subject to your keen observations. It's like a game of "find the flaw," and you're a perennial winner.

If he says he's working late, look at him the way you would look at someone who says he saw a unicorn in the backyard.

If he's out with friends, appeal to your inner detective and start piecing together a conspiracy theory worthy of a spy novel. Any text message he receives should be considered suspicious, like a top-secret cipher. His personal life? Think of it as a treasure chest that you're convinced contains a map of El Dorado.

By treating trust as an endangered species in the wilderness of your relationship, you are ensuring that the bridge of communication and trust will wobble like a three-legged table.

In the blame game, let him be the eternal recipient, like a mailbox for every misdirected package of mistakes. Whether it's frowny weather or sour milk, it's his fault either way. If you're running late, it's because he took the time to pick out a shirt. If dinner burns, it's because he told a distracting story. This strategy is as valid as blaming the dog for eating the homework, but who says everything is equal in love?

In this world, he becomes the architect of everything that goes wrong, the maestro in the orchestra of life's mishaps. Your mantra? "When in doubt, blame him." It's like a dance in which he's always one step behind, trying to catch the rhythm of the accusations thrown in his direction.

Be his shadow following him around, ready to jump out at the slightest provocation. If he forgets to put the toilet seat down or loses the remote control, every little slip-up is an opportunity to unleash the boiling volcano of your anger.

Cultivate that anger with the diligence of a gardener tending a rosebush. Let it grow and blossom under the slightest ray of discomfort or misunderstanding. Like a telephone set on vibrate, be ready to ring at any moment.

This perpetual state of irritation ensures that the atmosphere in your relationship will be as comfortable as wearing a wool sweater three sizes smaller – itchy, irritable, and constantly uncomfortable. (In August)

Treat your commitment to him like New Year's resolutions – they are made with the best of intentions but are forgotten faster than last season's fashion trends. Promise to be there for him in the critical moments and then walk away with the unpredictability of a summer thunderstorm. This way, your reliability will become as mythical as meeting that unicorn in the back yard.

When planning, be as fickle as a chameleon in a rainbow. Agree to dinner dates, and you suddenly need to reorganize your sock drawer at the last minute. It's about creating the appearance of commitment and then disappearing like a magician in smoke.

With this strategy, permanence becomes as elusive and mysterious as the plot of a complex mystery novel.

If a problem has arisen because you did (or didn't do) something, shift the blame to someone else with the grace of a politician caught in a scandal. This isn't just avoiding accountability. It's turning it into a game of "hot potato" in which you're never the one holding it when the music stops.

Offer explanations that are as clear as a foggy morning in London. Remember that in your world, accountability is like a game of spots, and you are forever "it" – always on the run, never caught.

Welcome to the Stagnation and Pride Club, where personal growth is as appealing as eating cactus salad. In this exclusive club, learning is seen as the nemesis of complacency. When your partner suggests trying something new or engaging in self-improvement, react as if they have just presented bungee jumping off a cliff – with utter horror and resolute refusal.

Your motto? "Why change when you can stay comfortably miserable?". Accept stubbornness as a badge of honor, as if it were the latest fashion trend. Treat personal growth like a contagious disease and avoid it at all costs.

(Obviously all the American chicks out there already have seen, studied and mastered the information in the above article, I re-posted it for the men so you can start to comprehend what is going on and protect yourselves. It has been said that romance and politics have much in common, in this case what they have in common is nothing in politics happens by accident and this behavior is not by accident either. The American female has literally been programmed, subtly and over a long period of time to hate her male counterpart, her other half, this is a loss of natural affection, which is un-natural and why verbal manipulation (brainwashing) has through time, until very recently, been known to be and recognized as witchcraft. So, the American female is a victim also? Yeeeeessssssss but, you cant help people who don't want help, wont speak the truth and only see you as an ATM, a means to their next fix, after all BOB needs batteries. American females are making it clear, they don't want your help, they don't want to be saved, they don't want a hero, they don't want "mansplained," they want every material thing you have ever worked for only so they can waste or destroy it, but at least no man will ever use it again. Throughout the 1970's the media pushed a phony "war of the sexes," it was all in fun, until it wasn't. Oprah was the culmination, the trigger, the match to be thrown on the gassed up bonfire pile the media had created over a full decade, and it worked. Verbal manipulation, witchcraft; here is another unrelated recent

watershed verbal manipulation event... Remember when google did their BIG "Don't Be Evil" campaign? Did you know that when you say or write to someone... "don't" ...their mind automatically disregards the word and takes what ever proceeds it as a command? Well it does, what started happening very shortly after this campaign was launched? Go see for yourself, just like Oprah.)